



# HEROIC MEASURES

"I wonder," remarked Mr. Crosslots, "if it wouldn't be a good idea for us to sell the home and buy a sailing vessel."

"But it takes so long for a sailing vessel to get anywhere," suggested his wife.

"That's the advantage. We'd be able to keep the same cook for two or three weeks at least."

# Sauce for Both.

The rheumatic physician had remained seated during the consultation with the rheumatic patient. He rose, or rather pulled himself out of the chair to write the prescription for the magic rheumatism remover.

"What seems to be the trouble with you, doc?"

"Rheumatism!" groaned the medical man as a pain took a shot at the hand that held the pen.

# Worthy of a Prize.

"Has your son gone into business yet?"

"No," said Mr. Grabecoin, "but I'm inclined to be lenient with Jack and let him loaf for several years if he wants to."

"Why so?"

"He got through college without getting engaged to a chorus girl, smashing his automobile and joining the glee club."

# A Wise Banqueter.

Hemmondhaw—I saw you at the banquet last night.

Shimmerpate—Yes, I was there.

"But I couldn't understand why you passed up and down the aisles from one table to another."

"To be frank and confidential with you I was just trying to find a place where the cantaloupe looked good."

# A Long Time Ago.

"I say, my boy," said a sportsman to a lad who had been placed in a field to scare the birds away, "have you seen a rabbit running this way?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"How long ago?"

"About three years last Christmas."

—Scotsman.



# CAN'T PLAY WITHOUT FOOD.

"Let's invite the Dobb's in to-night for a game of cards."

"Dear me, no. I haven't got anything to eat in the house."

# At the Lecture.

I am afraid that my command of information may seem small; So what I do not understand I oft applaud the most of all!

# Nearly Explicit.

Jones—All right, if you think I can find your house, McManus, it will be delightful to go to see you some time.

McManus—Shure, ye can't miss it. It's just in the middle of that row of houses that looks all alike, only some looks more alike than others.—Answers.

# Unkind.

"Were you at the wedding?"

"Yes."

"Did you see the present we sent her?"

"No. I just had time to glance at a few of the expensive gifts."

# New Kind of Horn.

"Mrs. Gawker made quite a hit with the paper she read before the Thursday club."

"Yes, particularly when she referred to the 'pharmacopoeia of plenty.'"

# The Prima Donna.

"You don't seem to be able to attain high C."

"Strange, too."

"Eh?"

"I easily reach it when quarreling with my husband."

# Her Power of Resistance.

"Seen that new movie, Mayme?"

"What's it called?"

"Tempestuous Love."

"Is it good?"

"Fair, but th' guy who plays th' lead couldn't stir up no tempest in me."

# In Luck.

"He does not love me any more," sobbed the heart-broken young wife.

"You are lucky," said the seasoned matron, "if he does not love you any less."

# Her Own Affair.

Muriel—Oh, Maime, why didn't you tell me I had a dab of rouge on the end of my nose?

Maime—How do I know where you want to wear your complexion?

# NOT A PROFITABLE FAMILY

"So you've lost that family you've been attending for several years," said one doctor to another.

"Yes," he replied, "they've changed over to Doctor Green. 'But I'm just as pleased.'"

"Weren't they good pay?"

"Oh, they paid their little bill regularly enough, but there wasn't one among 'em who would ever consent to have an operation."—Detroit Free Press.

# Worth Knowing.

"My dear," said Mr. Bibbles, "I don't want to object to your friends, but Mrs. Wopit is quite impossible."

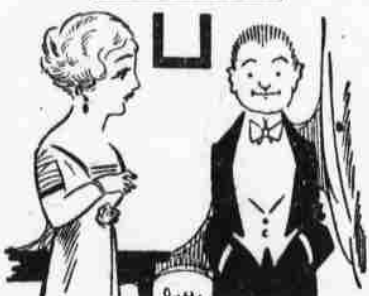
"I thought so, too, before I got well acquainted with her," replied Mrs. Bibbles, "but she is really quite a charming woman, and she tells me Mr. Wopit is an expert in making home brew."

"Well, well, I guess we ought to be neighborly." We'll run over to gether this evening and ask how they are."

# On Duty.

"Some of those street beggars are pathetic looking objects."

"Not more pathetic looking than the men who hang about the entrances to auditoriums and wait to escort their wives home from highbrow lectures. The way those unfortunates pace the sidewalks, stare at electric signs, read last week's lithographs on the billboards and chew meditative cigars would melt a heart of stone."



# CUPIDITY FINDS A WAY

She—The man I marry must have a fortune equal to mine.

He—That's easily fixed. Make over half of yours to me.

# Never.

The dietitian's broth came in, I gave a whoop.

"Mother made nothing quite so thin And called it 'soup.'"

# Lesson in Business.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"What is a gardener?"

"A gardener is a man who raises a few things, my boy."

"And what is a farmer?"

"A man who raises a lot of things."

"Well, what is a middleman, pop?"

"Why, he's a fellow who raises everything, my son."

# The Living Present.

"Your name," exclaimed the admiring constituent, "will echo down the corridors of time."

"I don't demand that much," said Senator Sorghum, much affected. "All I ask is that my services may be considered sufficiently worthy to keep my name mentioned in the various political conventions."

# Reducing His Ego.

"What's the cause of this traffic congestion?"

"A man who is the power in the community is having an argument with a traffic policeman."

"Getting any results?"

"Yes. He doesn't know it now, but the experience is doing him a lot of good."

# Family Economy.

"So you are going to have your boy study law?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "Josh is always gettin' into some kind of trouble and instead of hiring lawyers for him I might as well teach him to perfect his ownself."



# SHARING THE HONORS.

Visitor—So you are going to speak a piece in school?

Bobby—No; only a piece of a piece. I'm in a dialogue.

# The World's Show.

I wish that taxes they would cut Until the lot were ended. But I'd like to be a deadhead. But The free list is suspended.

# The Modern Idea.

"The man who is always ready to seize an opportunity is great."

"Yes, but the man who can seize what somebody else has made out of an opportunity is greater."

# Strictly Biz.

"Party just asked to be directed to a lady barber."

"After a flirtation, I suppose?"

"No, this was a bearded lady."

# Question.

"My rubber plant is ailing."

"Well?"

"Should I take it to a druggist or a florist?"

# On Limitations of Leaving.

Stella—Great questions are being settled by conferences.

Bella—Then why don't they hold one on how to keep cooks?

# Old Man Benson

By CHARLES E. BAXTER

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Old Benson put on his hat. "Think I'll just go for a little stroll, mother," he said, patting his wife on the shoulder. "Looks like clearing."

"Like our troubles," smiled Ada Benson. "John, dear, you do think you'll get that position with the Sanders firm, don't you?"

"While there's life there's hope, mother," he answered gayly.

But once in the street, unbearable depression took hold of him, and he viewed his life in dismal retrospect. He had left Crawford with prophecies of success from all the professors. Benson was an analytical genius, and he should go far in the chemical field. He had secured a good position immediately.

How had it all come about? Personality! An athlete at college, he still had been too shy to make friends. He had remained 12 years with the Spivers people, had risen to \$5,000 a year, had made their fortune with his discovery of a substitute for manganese. He realized they were plucking his brains, and left to work for a rival concern at \$4,000.

Ten years later they went bankrupt; and Benson's daughter had died after a lingering illness. They were childless, now, Ada and he, their savings gone. He had been wrapped up in his home, he had gone with his wife and child to Florida, where it was hoped she might recover.

Vain hope! He returned to take a position at \$2,000 with a new company. The best of his work was done. At fifty Benson was on the shelf. He could not work except in an atmosphere of sympathy. And people were impatient of slow research nowadays. They would not wait while he elaborated his methods.

Yet he knew that, given the opportunity, he could still teach something to the younger men. If he had a chance! But who would give a chance to a broken man of fifty?

He had drifted from one job to another, he had even been a druggist; at last, in desperation, he had applied to the Sanders people, who wanted a \$10,000 man to head their laboratory. No answer had come.

Old Benson looked up as the sound of laughter and cheering came from a big room on the ground floor of an uptown building. He had wandered a long way.

"What's that place?" he asked a policeman.

"The Crawford club," the man answered. "Annual meeting for old Crawford men."

Benson started. Never, since he had left college, had he come into touch with any of his old associates. Why shouldn't he? Well, why shouldn't he forget for the while that he was a broken man of fifty?

Ten minutes later he found himself ensconced in a rear seat of the room. His heart beat as he heard the old, remembered songs. He began to recognize the faces. Why, that stout, bald man was Johnson, whose luxuriant locks had been one of the jokes of the college. There was Hartigan—"Kid" Hartigan, a genial giant of six feet four.

What was that? Each man was singing, reciting, telling a story. They were standing up in turn. "My experiences . . ." And it was coming nearer and nearer to him.

"Say, what's your name?" asked the man next to him. "Benson? Not Bill Benson? Good Lord, who'd have thought—? You don't remember me? Aren't you the discoverer of that substitute for manganese? Good Lord, Bill Benson!"

"What'll I tell 'em?" Benson whispered.

"Oh, tell 'em what you've been doing, or—" he glanced at Benson's shabby clothes. "Sing 'Old Crawford,'" he suggested.

When Benson's turn came there was a shout of demand for his name. He heard whispering. Every glance seemed hostile. He stood up and sang desperately. He found his ground. He forgot. He recalled only the old days. When he sat down the room rocked with applause.

The next man, Benson had been forgotten. He must go home. He had had his hour, his unexpected hour. Quietly he prepared to slip away.

"You going?" It was his neighbor.

"Say, wait a minute! I'll walk with you. You don't remember me? Well, well, tell me what life's brought you, old man."

"Benson faced him. 'Not much,' he stammered. He choked.

"Guess I'll have to say good-night, old man," he said. "Glad to have met you."

The other laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Wait a moment, Benson," he said. "can you drop in at my office for a chat in the morning? You see, if you aren't engaged, why, I want to talk to you about taking up some chemical work for me," and as Benson stared at him dubiously, he added:

"I meant to answer your letter today. My name's Sanders."

# The Opportune Moment.

Robby—You look so tired, ma.

Mother—I'm so tired, dear, that I can't move a hand.

Robby—Then, ma, I want to tell you I hooked a lot of your strawberry jam.

—Boston Transcript.

# Cuke Has \$50,000 a Year.

The duke of York, second son of King George, has an official allowance of \$50,000 a year.

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13 lbs rice, \$1.00.

8 cans tomatoes, \$1.00.

8 cans corn, \$1.00.

8 cans Prince Albert s. tobacco, \$1.

25 bars Octagon soap, \$1.00.

25 pkgs. washing powder, \$1.00.

7 gallons kerosene oil, \$1.00.

8 cans Pink Salmon \$1.00.

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